

...of the select curtains of chastity, in the House of the Seraglio, being arrived at the splendid age of puberty and discretion, and being in the flower of comeliness, is prepared for legalized matrimony, the source of delight, and so on.—Pat, ma bouclial, you're a lucky dog. *Morning Herald.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

In the N. Y. Assembly, the Committee to whom was referred the "Woman's Rights" memorial, have made a report. They assert that the education and elevation of women, are not the offspring of legislation, but of civilization and Christianity; and the more she is elevated the greater will be the difference between the sexes. On the subject of matrimony, the Committee are very conservative, maintaining that it is not a mere contract. Other points are referred to in the report, and the Committee finally recommended the passage of the following bill:—

1. Any married woman, whose husband, either from drunkenness, profligacy, or any other cause, shall neglect, or refuse to provide for her support and education, or for the support and education of her children, and any married woman who may be deserted by her husband, shall have the right, by her own name, to receive and collect her own earnings, and apply the same for her own support, and the support and education of her children, free from the control and interference of her husband, or of any person claiming to be released from the same, by or through her husband.

2. Hereafter it shall be necessary to the validity of every indenture of apprenticeship executed by the father that the mother of such child if she be living, shall in writing consent to such indenture, nor shall any appointment of a general guardian of the person of a child by the father be valid, unless the mother of such child, if she be living, shall in writing consent to such appointment.

To WASH A BLACK LACE VEIL.—Mix bullock's gall with sufficient hot water to make it as warm as you can bear your hand in. Then pass the veil through it. It must be squeezed, not rubbed. It will be well to perfume the gall with a little musk. Next rinse the veil through two cold waters, tinging the last with indigo. Then dry it. Have ready in a pan stiffening, made by pouring boiling water on a very small piece of glue. Put the veil into it, squeeze it out, stretch it, and clap it. Afterwards, pin it out to dry on a linen cloth, making it very straight and even, taking care to open and pin in the edge very nicely. When dry, iron it on the wrong side, having laid a linen cloth over the ironing-table blanket. Any article of black lace may be washed in the same manner.

PRECOCIOUS.

They do have some smart girls in the Buckeye State. Here is one of them. A conductor on the road from Cincinnati to Hamilton saw a nice little girl in the cars; which he supposed came under the rate of half-price for children, and returned her half the amount tendered, with a remark to that effect.

Half fare, ha ha. Why, do you take me for a girl?

"Certainly, Miss; unless your looks belie you very much."

"Well, then, if I do, I am married; and that aint all—I have got a baby six months old."

"Excuse me, madam, but it strikes me, that, whatever I may be to day, you are full up to the time table, if not just a little ahead. I'll take full fare, and no charge for the baby."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—When a man sounds his own trumpet, be sure there's a crack in it.

How few women deal in more than the bare necessities of conversation.

There are minds, as well as streets that want draining.

The gloves that a duchess wears to day, may cover the hand of her house maid to-morrow, cleaning the grate.

The best word in a book is "Finis."

How few come within earshot of Fame!

The tears of his hearers are the preacher's applause.

Marathon ties as many marriage-knots as Cupid.

A heart once given should be "not transferable."

He that says "I know a secret," will tell it if pressed.

Friendship often ripens from the seed of intimacy.

into love.—*Diogenes.*

Youth's Department.

HASTE NOT—REST NOT.

BY GOETHE.

Without haste! without rest I bind the motto to thy breast I bear it with thee as a spell; In storm and sunshine guard it well! Heed not flowers that round thee bloom, bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed Mar for e'er the spirit's speed; Powder well and know the right, Onward, then, with all thy might; Haste not—years can ne'er atone For one reckless action done!

Rest not! life is sweeping by, Do and dare before you die; Something mighty and sublime Leave behind to conquer time; Glorious 'tis to live for aye When these forms have past away!

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait, Meekly bear the storms of fate; Duty be thy polar guide— Do the right whatever betide! Haste not—rest not—conflicts past, God shall crown and bless at last.

A CURE FOR THE CURIOUS.—The following anagram of Napoleon's name, is taken from a French Journal, which says that the name is composed of two Greek words, Napos and Leon, which signify the Lion of the Desert. The letters of the same name, ingeniously combined, present a phrase which offers a singular analogy, with the character of that extraordinary name:—

- | | |
|---|----------|
| 1 | Napoleon |
| 7 | Apoleon |
| 6 | Poleon |
| 5 | Oleon |
| 4 | Leon |
| 3 | Eon |
| 2 | On |

By striking off the first letter of this word, and pursuing the same course with each following word, six Greek words are formed, which literally, in the order designated by the figures, signify Napoleon, being the lion of the people, become the destroyer of cities.

HOW CANADA OBTAINED ITS NAME.—The origin of the word Canada is curious enough. The Spaniards visited that country previous to the French, and made particular search for gold and silver, and finding none, they often said among themselves 'Acanada,' (there is nothing here). The Indians, who watched closely, learned this sentence and its meaning. The French arrived, and the Indians (who wanted none of their company, and supposed they were also Spaniards, come on the same errand,) they were anxious to inform them in the Spanish sentence, 'Acanada.' The French, who knew as little of Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of 'Canada,' which it has borne ever since.

A HERO.—If ever there was a real hero—a hero in the highest and truest sense of the word—the pilot of the ill-fated steamer *Caroline*, lately burnt on the Mississippi, may well lay claim to the title. His name was John R. Trice. When the fire broke out, he felt that all depended on him, and he was staunch in his trust. In the midst of the whirlwind of flames, he stood by the wheel-house and guided the vessel to the only acre of land within sight for three miles around, and as she struck, jumped over board and was drowned. He died in the performance of his duty, from which he did not shrink in the most appalling moment.

HANGED WHILE DRUNK.—We read in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*:—A young man about twenty-nine years of age, arrived at Paris about a month ago, to seek a place but as he was provided with a large sum of money, he resolved to indulge in debauchery until it should be spent. On Thursday evening he went to dine with some acquaintances, and remained drinking until four o'clock in the morning. He then returned to his hotel in Rue St. Honoré, but was so drunk that he could hardly

opened, in trying to open the door, had slipped and his cravat which he wore very loose, caught by the handle. The efforts he made to release himself, in his state of intoxication, were fruitless, and he remained hanging until he was completely strangled.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then, Is relished by the wisest men.

THE SCOLD.

There are those who have trembled when thunder Above them has harmlessly rolled: I only can shudder and wonder When hearing the tongue of a scold.

I fear not the elements warring, Nor shrink from the heat or the cold; What are these to the terrible jarring One feels in the den of a scold.

There are those, who, for dauntlessly bearing Their breasts, have won honors and gold, Who ne'er would be knighted for daring To live near the haunt of a scold.

I'd rather my life would be worn out Where sunshine I could not behold, Than know, I at last, must be borne out From under the roof of a scold.

Should I live (in much sorrow, I say it), I shall be both ugly and old, But Heaven preserve me I pray it, From ever becoming a scold.

"Sonny, do you know your letters?" "Yes, sir, two of 'm." "Possible, what are they?" "Let 'er go, and let 'er rip?" "Smart boy, go to the tub, and wet your hair: a brain of such fertility can't be kept too moist."

A GOOD JOKE.—Two females escaped from the gaol at Rome, a few nights since. In the morning a constable was despatched after them. On the way he overtook two "young ladies," who asked him for a ride, and gallantly took them in his sleigh and carried them to Utica. It turned out that they were the "girls" he was after! But he didn't know it.

A gentleman travelling inside a coach, was endeavouring, with considerable earnestness, to impress some arguments on a fellow passenger who was seated in the same vehicle, and who appeared dull of apprehension; at length, being slightly irritated, he exclaimed: "Why, Sir, it is as plain as A B C!" "That may be," quietly rejoined the other; "but I am D E F!"

Francis Pigg, of Indiana, has run away from Mrs. Pigg and four little Piggs. The *Post* says, "he is a perfect hog."

A slanderer of the fair sex has undertaken to prove that Satan was a woman named *Lucy Fir*!

"Tommy, my son, run to the store and get me some sugar." "Excuse me, ma, I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father; and tell him to bring me a plug of tobacco."

Is a pound of feathers as heavy as a pound of lead? Will the following settle the question:—A friend of ours in Somerville, Mass., employed a colored boy to work for him a short time since. Moses was hard to convince, unless the thing was ocularly demonstrated. One day our friend tried hard to convince him that a pound of feathers and a pound of lead were of the same weight, when Moses replied, "Trow 'em over in de river, Massa, an' you see!"

Punch thus humorously defines genders without the aid of Lindley Murray:—"The sun is called masculine, from his supporting and sustaining the moon, and in finding her the withal to shine away, as she does of a night, and from his being obliged to keep up a family of stars besides. The moon is feminine, because she is continually changing, just as a ship is blown about by every wind. The church is feminine, because she is married to the State. And time is masculine, because he is trifled with by the ladies."

An unchin, not quite three years old, said to his sister, while munching a piece of ginger-bread:—"Siss, take half up dis cake to keep to afternoon, when I get cross." This is nearly as good as the child that bellowed from the top of the stairs:—"Ma, Hannah wont pacify me."



Ladies' Department.

THE GLOWWORM.

The following verses are very pretty.—

The lark she has sunk on her grassy nest, And all nature is hushed in a peaceful rest, When the light of the glowworm is seen from afar, As the silvery ray of some distant star!

By her light the nightingale tunes her song, In the sweetest melody, all night long, And those fair flowers their fragrance shed, From which the light of day has fled.

Sweet emblem of hope, that appears most bright, As it springs through the gloom of the darkest night, Such rays of joy unto man are given, To cheer through this vale of tears to Heaven.

And thus throughout nature there lies a spring, Of so pure a source, it will ever bring A fount of gladness, and peace, and love, Leading the soul to its home above.

It speaks in the sunset's dying glow, In the tiny streamlet's sparkling flow, On the mountain's height, in the flowery vale, In the balmy zephyr, the rushing gale.

And the flowers that scent the midnight air, They tell of the land so bright and fair, Where death ne'er enters the scene of bloom, Or the garland waves o'er the silent tomb.

And oh! how it soothes the sinking heart, When called from the fondly loved to part, It sheds through the cloud a cheering light, As the glowworm gives to the bird of night.—*Maple Leaf.*

C. H.,
Fern Cliff, Rice Lake.

A LUCKY IRISHMAN.—The Sultan of Turkey, having an abundant supply of divinities, in the shape of wives, has, as matter of course, an abundant supply of daughters. Lately, a batch of them having come to years of puberty, he has been giving them husbands with the most generous liberality. Amongst the happy fellows who receive the hand of a Sultan's daughter, and the oldest one, we find a young Irishman, son of Ruschid Pasha, a native of the county of Limerick, Ireland. More power to you, Pat; may you be Sultan yet, and your Princess Saltana Queen of your Seraglio; and may you have lots of little Princesses to bestow on the friends at home,